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# THE FIORETTI

VOLUME XXIII

NUMBER 2

Indianapolis, Indiana

1964-1965

AN ANTHOLOGY OF

MARIAN COLLEGE

PROSE AND VERSE

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"Discovery"



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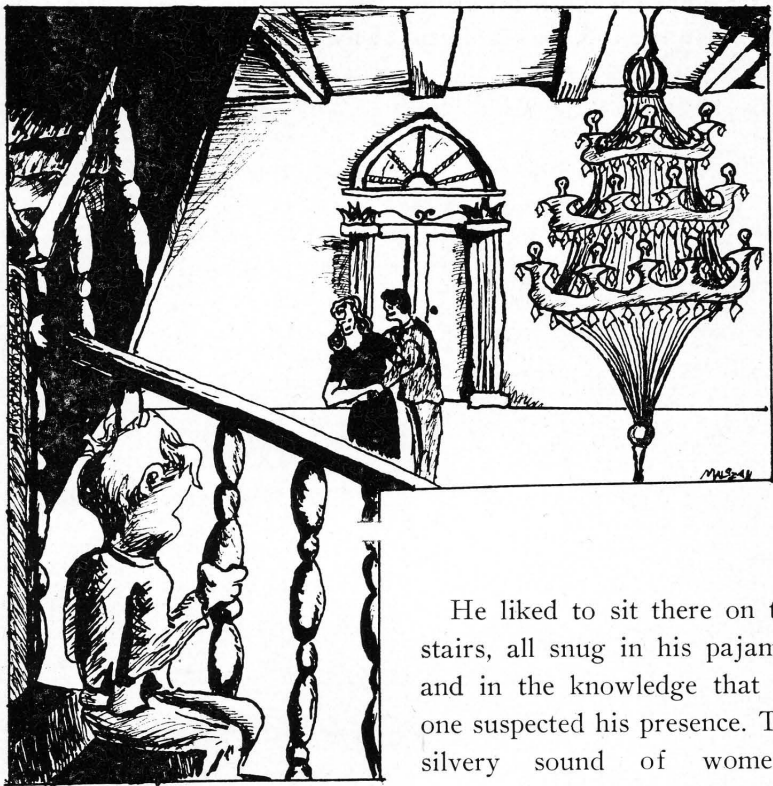
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## Discovery

FAY FAIVRE, '68

He liked to sit there on the stairs, all snug in his pajamas and in the knowledge that no one suspected his presence. The silvery sound of women's laughter, the clink of ever-so-thin crystal and ice, the humming undercurrent of many voices all speaking at once: these rose up and wrapped his little crouched form in a sleepy reverie. He circled the bannister posts with his hands and leaned his head against them, peering through a thin blue veil of cigarette smoke to the crystal chandelier. When

he sat right there, on the third step from the top, he was even with it and could see the bulbs that were hidden from people below. Had anyone, he wondered, noticed and marvelled at the light being separated and thrown to all corners of the room? No, he decided, the chandelier was his alone, a companion in the heights.

He shut his eyes, not because he was sleepy but only to enable himself to hear the sounds without being distracted. The conversations meshed, but now and then a phrase, louder or closer than most, was clear. "Charles sent it from abroad . . . not *this* boy, no sir . . . barbarism, that's what it is, plain and simple . . . in pink, with a deep emerald backdrop . . . third grade this year . . ."

The last he knew referred to him, for that was his mother's voice. For a moment he was tempted to run down the stairs and climb up into his mother's lap, there to be petted and told happy things. But he squelched the urge quickly; he would only be sent to bed again. So he stayed, secure in his hiding place.

If he scrunched down enough to see through the arch

separating the parlor and hallway, he could see his mother, her cheeks as pink as the dress she wore, her black hair loose across her shoulders. He wondered why his father never kissed her face; it was so nice and soft to touch. He saw his mother rise and smile, nod to her friends and cross gracefully toward the dining room. Soon the other people got up and followed, and he sniffed the good smells coming through the opened door.

The doorbell rang just then, and instinctively he drew back out of the light. He shivered in the draft when his father opened the door to admit the latecomer, a pretty lady all golden in the hallway light. He blinked. Had his father kissed her? He watched as his father took her coat, then bent again and kissed her neck. The golden lady smiled, laughing up at him with her eyes. No words were spoken or needed as they turned to go into the dining room to greet his mother.

He sat, wide awake, tasting the bitterness of the stale smoke, hearing the distant laughter. The bright lights hurt his eyes, and he wanted to go to bed.

# ON MY LOVE

I love you

like

a million little kids

rolling down hills

laughing like crazy

like

twenty thousand butterflies

with different colored wings

feathered flapping

like

fifty bees

in a field of two million flowers

all full of honey in their colored throats

buzz buzz buzz

they visit each one . . .



*in a completely undignified  
and unorganized manner*

Did you ever see a smiling bee?

well,

that's me,

happy bee

Like with two million flowers

with you

I'm happy

Like assorted smiles of babies

and pink chiffon

and a yellow top

and a purple story book

and winter whiteness

and cotton candy

and strawberry ice cream

and everything pastel pink and yellow and blue . . .

I love you.

Everything nice to see

It's all you

It's all me

Everything's happy

Everyone's happy

Sometime, somewhere . . .

And I'm happy all over

So happy I'm silly

up and down and in and out . . .

Call me a yellow carnation . . .

I love you

I love you

You are my mushy monster

hairy bear

furry funny

I LOVE YOU!

KAREN ANGELA COX, '65

# after reading the

# INFERNO

# from

# dante's

# COMMEDIA

SHELDON G. HOUSTON, '65

I might stumble down those well-worn stairs and find the door to an underground chamber where I should not go. A dark, subterranean cell that reeks of vomit and excrement. The waste of those who entered before and drank of the wine of that profane whore who lies in her shabby bed. Scraggly, redheaded bitch lying there drunk from wine, sobbing for pity and wrenching from pain. The agonizing pain that attacks her fetid entrails. Too lazy to move from her filthy nest, that contemptible bitch lies there soothing her lesions and dabbing at tears that should not fall. Disgusting pig, prostituted to the utter filth of snakes who crawl the streets looking for just enough to buy a few jerks of her callous thighs.

I might stumble, God forbid, into that deep pit of perversity—into that terrible state of decay. I too might lie by that door, begging and pleading, for that filthy whore to share her wine and wiggle to the rhythm of the snores of others who, with rats, occupy the corners of that little concrete cubicle. Like babies they sleep. Every nerve relaxed by wine and the muscular movements of that crusty whore. They sleep, dreaming of yesterday. They dream of the iron armor they never wore and of the sword and lance they never bore. Of the fine marble floors of the Taj Mahal and the pearly, inlaid panels of Shinto halls. These things they see, and more. Beautiful slaves in an Egyptian palace, hiding behind black veils, serve these vipers who sleep soundly now in their pit of sin and degradation. They kiss the strong shoulders of Judith of Bethulia and fondle the breasts of the daughter of Ptolemy. They kill the Caesars and conquer Rome and lose it, and win it, and lose it again. But always they return to build a Roman arch across the hot flame that sears their brains and chars their vision. Always just in time to save

the treasure, to garner the gold, to lie happily in the beds of flaxen-haired maidens. Poor miserable wretches remembering the past that never existed.

My God! Don't let me fall into that foul, black hole of despair. Who does go there? Is there a choice? How many must fall down those crumbly stairs into that sty? Condemned to suck those flat and shallow breasts, to stir the blood of veins almost dry, to breathe the odor of rotting flesh that stains the crimson robe of that lowly whore. Must I dream the dreams of those debauchers who have fallen before? Must I lie with them on that cold, concrete floor? Must I move over to make room for a new litter of rats that have no concern for the dignity of man? Must I listen to the commands of that heathen bitch who screams in pain with every movement of her hips? Must I too crawl on my knees and beg the use of her sodden lap as a pillow for my head?

My God! Don't let me fall. Wait! Please, wait? Let me stand beneath green boughs and stare. Give me light. Give me time to see the sky, the stars, and beyond.



# *L'Ennui*

Une place pour moi dans ce monde  
Une place pour moi dans ce monde  
Dans un monde

sans amour

sans beauté

sans sentiment

sans bonheur

Une place pour moi  
Cherché longtemps  
Trouvée

au lieu d'amour—la sensualité

au lieu de beauté—le prétexte

au lieu de sentiment—la sentimentalité

au lieu de bonheur—les buts faux

Rien du tout

Une place pour moi dans ce monde  
de la sensualité

du prétexte

de la sentimentalité

des buts faux

Je connais la place

Difficile à accepter

C'est ici

MICHAEL CANCELLA, '64



Rain was pelting hard drops against the windshield as Bart Dempsey guided the canvas-covered truck along the slippery, asphalt road that led to Attica. The headlights reflecting in the sheets of falling water drops directly in front of him and on the wet, black road ahead did little to improve his vision or his temper. Bart glanced at his watch. It was al-

most 4 A.M. He lit a cigarette and fought the sleep that made his eyes burn, wanting to close. No time for sleep. The show had to be put up early, rain or no rain. "Damn the show and damn the weather," Bart muttered. The profanity made him feel better, since there was nothing else he could do about the situation. The rain was bad for business. It made slow

# The Savage Beast

KAREN ANGELA COX, '65

moving for the trucks, muddy carnival grounds, and kept people away from the small road shows. "Damn and double damn," Bart said aloud. "Mike's out of his head." There was a low rumble from the back of the truck. "God, how them cats hates rain."

In the back of the truck, Sultan paced back and forth in his cage, his mane still dripping wet from sitting in the open, waiting to be loaded. In

another cage, Sheba, his mate, was lying quietly on her side on the floor but her head was up, and her yellow-green eyes remained open in the darkness of the canvas enclosure. She would be in heat soon. Her beautiful fawn-colored coat was damp, and she groaned a little in discomfort. Both lions were getting wetter from the rain that leaked through tears in the cheap canvas that covered the truck.

Sultan felt the throbbing in his leg from an old wound he had acquired in his youth when he was captured. What a hard time he had given them, the trappers and hunters who had taken him! He had fought hard to free himself from the net. He had roared so loud that the bravest of them shrank back in fear. His heavy paws had contracted, revealing hooked talons like gleaming knives that tore at the man-made trap that dared to hold him against his will. Even when he was put into the cage he had flung himself against the bars so violently that he splintered a bar and opened a long gash along his side, extending into the muscle of one of his hind legs. It was a long time before they could feed

him the drugged meat and treat the wound.

Now years later, the weather was damp; and the scar hurt him, although he had forgotten what had caused it. He had been beautiful long ago. His mane had been black and full and shining, but now Sultan was old. He had been passed from the zoos to the circuses; and when the circuses went broke, he'd moved on from carnival to carnival. Now his mane, once handsome, had strands of grey and most of his teeth were gone. Mike Dempsey, who owned the carnival, used to grind his meat and lace it with a tonic so that Sultan could eat it. He was no longer dangerous. They fed him by hand . . . that was part of the show. Sultan could hardly remember when he hadn't been with the circus or carnival; or when he hadn't danced to the whip in front of noisy crowds, or been fed by hand, or allowed someone to scratch him behind the ears. Like an old soldier who had fought many brave battles and is retired on a pension, Sultan accepted . . . or seemed to accept, his present, having all but forgotten his past. But like all things destined to be wild and

free, Sultan never liked the closed trucks and the smell of wet canvas as he was jolted along to the next town or city. Tonight the rain made it worse. He stopped pacing and lay on the floor of the cage, but his muscles were taut, expectant. He growled restlessly, his tail switching back and forth rhythmically against the bars that shut him in.

Bart kept both hands firmly on the wheel, carefully steering the truck away from the yellow muck at the side of the road. "Sure be hell boggin' down in that stuff in this weather . . . no one for miles," he thought. As though something were trying to prove him wrong, two headlights came toward him, piercing spots of light through the wet blackness. A yellow diamond that read STEEP HILL sped by on his left. As Bart began to steer the truck up the long, steep grade, the headlights ahead blended into his threateningly and became larger and brighter. "Son-of-a-bitch," Bart cursed under his breath. "Why the hell doesn't he dim his lights!" He blinked his own lights, but the other headlights didn't respond. The heavy rain was turning to sleet . . . Bart desperately sig-



naled again into the yellow glare ahead. They were near enough for Bart to distinguish the form of a large semi-trailer above them, almost halfway down the hill. The trailer was weaving from side to side as the semi leaped out of the darkness into the glare of its own lights. "My God! O my God! He's going to jack-knife!" Bart hit the brakes and felt the weight behind him joint and twist, and the big semi rushed at him, gleaming in the night like a moving steel wall. The trailer of the semi over-turned, crushing the front of the canvas truck, and carried it rolling down a steep embankment into the night.

Sultan felt a tremendous jolt as his cage lurched on its side and the impact slammed him against the wooden bars. He let out a roar of fear and pain as the back of the truck began its plunge down hill, and his world turned topsy-turvy. Everything in the dark seemed to rush at him at once, and he struggled in a hopeless effort to regain his footing. Something jabbed sharply into his left shoulder, and he caught a glimpse of darkened sky as the canvas ripped away. Something solid pushed against him,

then there was a loud crash and he heard Sheba scream, high in her throat . . . the scream was cut short, then . . . everything was still.

When they stopped rolling, Sultan found that he was half out of the over-turned truck. One end of the cage was smashed. Sultan squeezed through the opening. He was bruised and very frightened, and his shoulder was bleeding; but otherwise, he was unhurt. The smell of blood that was not his own soon reached his nostrils on the cold, wet, night air. Sultan began to pick his way softly and carefully through the wreckage. Several yards away, Sheba's cage had been thrown clear. The cage was completely demolished. Its bars, broken and jagged, stuck out at odd angles. It was impossible to believe that they had ever been parallel or connected. Sultan padded over and sniffed at his mate. The smell of death greeted him. Her white throat was covered with blood where a sharp piece of wood, part of a broken bar, protuded. Sultan's nostrils flared with the death smell, and he roared again, backing away from the dead lioness.

The rain had almost stopped. Sultan lifted his head and sniffed the air. He could smell man not far away. He could see the cab of the smaller truck lying on its side, a little further down the gully. A white arm was visible hanging through the broken glass of a windshield. The arm was streaked with blood. There was nothing else but the smell of oil, burned rubber, and gasoline mingled with the fresh blood smell. This made Sultan nervous, and he stood for a moment switching his tail from side to side, as if trying to decide what to do. He moved a little toward the cab and the white arm and then stopped. There was the low wail of a siren in the distance. The semi was further up toward the road, the trailer upside down just above him. The siren grew louder. The sky was lighter now. It had stopped raining, and a light frost was beginning to harden on the grass. A breeze whispered through the gully, and the death smell grew stronger. Sultan growled softly. Then, turning away from the road and from the wreckage, he padded slowly across a small field and disappeared into the wooded area beyond it.

Two highway police cars and an ambulance screamed through the early morning wetness. At the middle of the hill, they squeaked to a stop just above the gully. Five men, a sheriff, two ambulance men, and two highway policemen, emerged one by one from the emergency vehicles. They carefully made their way through the brush, down the embankment toward the wreckage.

Jim Hearst, the sheriff of Huston County, surveyed the grim scene before him with the eye of a seasoned professional. "Hurry up, you guys!" he bel-lowed, "I ain't got all morn-ing." By now they had reached the cab of the semi. One of the ambulance men knelt by the blood-soaked form of a man pinned under the twisted steel that was once an engine. "Dead?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yeah. This one's for the morgue all right. Poor guy. Whole chest crushed in. We'll have to have a wrecker to get the body out."

Hearst nodded to one of the state troopers and the man began climbing back up the hill toward the radio car. "Damn fools to travel in this weather at night," Hearst muttered. He turned to the man who was

trying to cover the face of the dead driver. "Let him be. He don't care who looks at him now. Let's get this over with and save the party manners for the press. I ain't had breakfast yet." He pointed to the wreck of the canvas truck. "Let's see what's left of the other guy."

The attendant removed his jacket and stuffed it between the wreckage and the dead man's face, covering the head. Then he followed Hearst and the other three men toward the rest of the wreck.

Bart Dempsey's body was crushed between the dashboard and the back of the cab seat. The steering column had penetrated his abdomen, and his head and right arm had pushed through the windshield. The arm was almost completely severed.

"Not much we can do 'til the wrecker comes," Hearst uttered. "Throw a blanket or somethin' over that windshield, if you've got a weak stomach."

"Hey Jim!"

Hearst turned in the direction of the young officer who addressed him. "What is it, Carl?"

"Look what that guy was haulin'."

Hearst worked his way

around to the other side of the wreckage. "Well I'll be . . ." He stared at the body of Sheba in the frost-covered grass. "Wicked lookin' animal, ain't it? Check the back of the truck, Carl. See what you come up with."

The officer walked around the back of the truck . . . "Hey, Sheriff!"

"Find another?" Hearst smiled grimly and strolled over to the back of the truck. Sultan's cage, the end smashed, had slipped all the way out of the truck to the ground. It lay there foolishly, its bars broken, its purpose thwarted, its emptiness all too evident. Hearst drew a long breath, and the sweat stood out on his forehead. His breath turned to smoke on the frosty air. "Well," he muttered to Carl, ". . . looks like I've got a little fun on my hands."

"You want me to radio a bulletin, Sheriff? Be a good idea for folks around here to stay indoors with an animal like that on the loose."

"No," said Hearst, almost to himself, "No . . . it won't do no good to get everyone riled. Let's go back to town for a couple of rifles. He

(Cont'd. on page 31)

# CHARLIE WAS READY

EILEEN WITTE, '68

Only three more days till school started. Charlie was excited. He liked having all the visitors at his house, especially the state militiamen. They always smiled secretly at him when they were standing guard at the front door. They never smiled at the strangers who stood out by the street. The newspapermen were nice, too. They played games and took pictures of everything. They were always asking questions about school. Sometimes Mother would answer them and sometimes she'd just close the door. That wasn't like Mother.

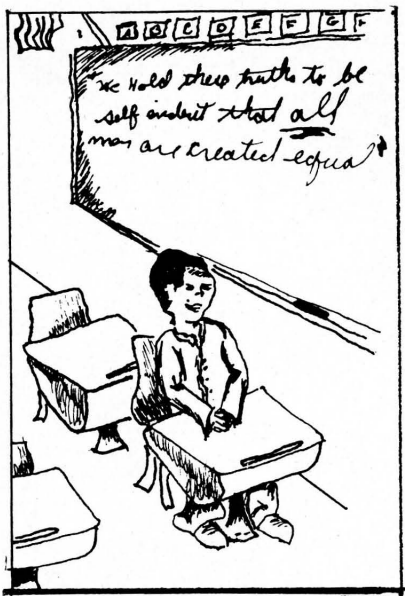
Reverend Willis and some of his friends came to visit. All those Reverends made Charlie nervous. He knew he had to be good, and, of course, quiet when they were around. They were always saying that Lafayette Park School was

such a big step to take. None of Charlie's brothers and sisters had gone to school there. It wasn't allowed. Now it's all right. Reverend Willis said it was all right. All the rest of the kids were going to Hubert School. Charlie was the only one on the street going up-town. He was going to ride to school in a police car everyday. Then Hank, the deputy, would walk him to the door. Nobody else went to school that way. Charlie felt special. He was different.

Mother didn't want him to think about school. She always looked afraid whenever Charlie talked about it. He wasn't afraid. Everybody goes to first grade and he would have the deputy with him. Charlie wanted to show everybody the new school bag Mother had bought for him. The newsmen had even taken a picture of Charlie with his school bag. It was on the front page of the paper. He couldn't read the headline above it, but he'd learn that at school.

He was going to call his best friend to tell him about the picture, but Mother wouldn't let him. Besides, there were so many people calling Mother now that Charlie couldn't make





his call. A policeman always answered the phone. Sometimes when they weren't there, Mother would answer. She never smiled or laughed the way she used to when she talked to Aunt Betty or Mrs. Bronson. She just listened. Sometimes she would cry.

Somebody broke the front room window with a rock. Mother cried then, too. Charlie was sure he would be blamed but she just reached to him and held him close. The policeman said not to worry and they went outside to see what all the shouting was about. Charlie had to play in

the house all day. He didn't care. Tomorrow was a school day.

The alarm clock rang and Charlie jumped from his bed. He was ready in ten minutes. Mother served a big breakfast and sat at the table watching him eat. She wasn't hungry. Hank, the deputy, came right on time to take him to school. Mother kissed Charlie goodbye and turned to whisper something to Hank. He smiled and nodded. Then they left by the side door. The police car hurried to its destination. Charlie noticed all the mothers out with their children. He smiled and waved to familiar faces. They only stared.

There had never been such a big crowd at Lafayette School. Everyone stopped talking as Hank and Charlie made their way to the open door. Someone started shouting after they were inside. Charlie couldn't understand what they were saying. Hank showed him the first grade room and left him there with one last wink. He sat in the first desk in the first row and waited. The rest of the kids would come soon—and the teacher. Mother said they would all learn together. Charlie was ready.

# PAIN

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In childhood  
I thought I knew him  
sharp tummy pains  
fear of dark  
sting of honey bee  
measles, mumps, chicken pox  
cheeks burning  
face red and wet with salt tears . . .  
and running home to parent  
to comfort  
or forgiveness

In adolescence

I thought I lived with him

misunderstandings . . . the party dress I couldn't have

the boy I couldn't date

lonely days, pimples, tripping in too-high heels

grades that slipped, messy room to clean

self-consciousness, broken heart

indignity . . . cheeks burning

face red and wet with tears . . .

and running home — to my room

to my dreams . . . to forget.

And now

I know him

and he is cruelest of all

Death of beloved, despair, responsibility, deception

anger, loss, suffering, lack of love, lack of faith

all I've known before . . . and more . . . and more . . . and more . .

with cheeks burning

face wet with tears

and running . . .

and running to . . .

and running . . . ? ? ?

KAREN ANGELA COX '65

# Miss Daphne

JEAN MINNEMAN, '65

An alarm clock does not have the charm that a cat's loud purring into my ear has at 6:30 a.m. The purr sounds like an enormous truck speeding past the house in second gear. If the purr does not impart the message that morning has arrived, the gentle but firm touch of paw pads on my cheek usually accomplishes the task. Once again, Miss Daphne, also known as Daffy, the Daf, Your Cat, Mademoiselle la Chatte and the Princess, has not only disturbed the bliss of sleep; she also has achieved her purpose of waking me to let her outdoors.

Miss Daphne, a large mass of burnt orange fluff with a massive tail and penetrating copper eyes, is distinguished among feline societies as a red Persian. Her blood line, fur markings and rare eye coloring place her among quality show cats; and she is aware of this fact. She walks with an air of regality and luxuriously drapes herself over any piece of upholstered furniture for her many snoozes.

The Daf's curiosity about anything that moves and about anything into which she can get her flexible, nimble body is tremendous. A paper bag, the dishwasher, the dryer, a closet, or a drawer each affords her a world of dangerous adventure which must be approached with

caution although she has thoroughly explored each a dozen times in the past. Even before leaving the safety of the house, she finds it necessary to look in all directions, sniff the edge of the door and listen for hostile sounds before venturing forth.

When her master returns home after a hard day's labors in the businessman's jungle, she bounds across the walk to meet him, then races down the driveway and rolls on her back to extend greetings of welcome. All of this signifies she is ready to be scratched, rubbed, petted and told how glad he is to see her. After a few moments of these antics, the Princess determinedly leads him into the house toward the kitchen, and I hear, "Your Cat is ready for dinner." Her bushy tail swishes impatiently, and her meows become frantic as she paces about my ankles while I cut raw beef, liver, fresh shrimp or cooked chicken into dainty bites, typical cuisine for *Mademoiselle la Chatte*.

Recreation period following dinner is ritual; we play such games as hide and seek, finger through the door crack, and find the toy in the shoe. When she is in doubt as to which

game to play next, she stops to wash, then bounds to her master's feet and dashes away a few paces with an expression of "please" on her face. (Cats do have facial expressions, by the way.) Later, when we humans are reading, watching television or conversing, she curls up affectionately beside one of us and purrs.

The packing of suitcases always creates a traumatic experience for Miss Daphne. Her eyes open wide and express apprehension and anxiety which she indicates further by anchoring her claws into the bedspread. Suitcases mean a stay for her at the Siamese cattery which depresses her. However, when we retrieve her a few days later she purrs almost constantly for several days and meows with the high pitched, coarse and grating meow of a Siamese cat.

Recently the typewriter has fascinated Daffy, and she delights in balancing herself on top of the machine and peering down into the key area. When I type she jumps immediately to the edge of the table and gingerly approaches the source of the sound, both of which at this moment are forcing me to cease writing . . .

Once upon a time, so long ago that no one from that age still lives, there dwelt in a damp and dreary cave, three cruel witches and a dragon. The poor scaly creature was forced to barbecue ill-fated travelers who were captured by the hags for their cannibalistic feasts. As for himself, he was a vegetarian.

One day (which is ever so much better than one night, because as everyone knows, dragons cannot see in the dark), a handsome prince rode down the road that passed the cave. He was in search of a princess. He stopped and asked directions. The prince soon found himself being tied to his sword (for Prince Shish Kabob, of course). He proved himself most heroic, as handsome princes usually do, by breaking his bindings and slaying the three evil ones.

The dragon, in relief, roared out joyously. Well, as we all know, princes are not used to hearing dragons roar joyously. Mistaking the friendly dragon's comment as being totally unfriendly, the prince began to whack away at Rufus. Rufus may have been a timid animal,

SHEILA MUDD '68

Once

Upon

a

Time

but he surely wasn't stupid. He melted the helmet on the prince's head with a blast of his mighty breath.

In terror, the prince fled the cave, with Rufus close behind. When the prince fell exhausted upon the ground, Rufus waited until he had revived. Then (being accustomed to servitude) he declared himself a loyal citizen of that land and a devoted servant of the prince.

Sensing that he had come in possession of a very valuable servant, the prince took advantage of Rufus' devotion (and that's a very bad thing for anyone, especially a prince, to do), and ordered the dragon to find the loveliest princess in



the world and bring her to him.

The search proved long and difficult, for even in those days lovely princesses didn't come in plentiful supply. After six months Rufus finally returned with a maiden who had skin so pale that the barest flush seemed scarlet, hair like golden honey, eyes bluer than the brightest summer sky, and a voice so sweet that the Nightingale stopped his song to listen.

She seemed quite docile until the prince attempted to pledge his love and asked her to marry him. In response, she lovingly looked at the kneeling prince and kicked him in the head. Naturally, he was rather shocked at her lack of gentility and asked her why she had treated him so rudely. She answered that during the long journey from her kingdom to his, she had fallen in love with the sweet, shy, brave dragon who had kidnapped her. She wasn't in the least impressed with the prince's good looks and charm, because as anyone could see, she had enough for two people. As for riches and a title, she already had those.

Because the prince knew quite a lot about the laws of the kingdom (he had written

most of them), he felt not the least bit dejected. He simply quoted Law number 4005763 (which he had just at that moment composed), which stated that beautiful princesses with honey-blond hair, fair skin and blue eyes cannot marry dragons.

Taken aback, the maiden was left without words. Tearfully, she fled into the courtyard where Rufus lay patiently sunning his scales. Kissing his scaly head, her tears fell upon his snout, causing him to sneeze.

In a twinkling, she was transformed into a dragon with golden scales and foot-long eyelashes. Indeed, all the time she had been a dragon, upon whom an evil ogre had cast a spell causing her to look like a human being. The spell could only be broken by another dragon's sneeze (which to dragons is the same as a kiss). Rufus and the dragon princess could be married after all (her skin had golden scales now; the law said nothing about scales), and everyone lived happily ever after, except the prince who had to content himself with being merely rich, handsome and famous.

It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair! It just wasn't fair! Bare brown toes sent an empty popcorn box skittering into the gutter and stormy gray eyes saw it crushed beneath the wheels of a big yellow delivery truck.

Boys got all the luck! She was a better baseball player than that skinny Joey Ryan and everybody knew it. But who always got picked to play on the team? Joey Ryan! The guys just didn't want a girl on their team.

Simmering in the midday sun, the rugged sidewalk felt good beneath Trisha's small feet, toughened by her countless barefoot journeys over every kind of neighborhood terrain. On any other day, she would have liked to sit for a moment on the wall in front of Mrs. Anderson's house and let her feet bake in the sun and feel the happy warmth creeping slowly through her. But she couldn't stop now. She was too mad. And this time she was



KATHLEEN DONAHUE, '68

*Trisha*

going to stay mad. She had the worst habit of forgetting to be mad and not staying mad long enough, especially when something made her feel good. But this time was going to be different. She was good and mad and she was going to stay that way until something got changed.

Determinedly, Trisha stubbed her big toe hard on the cement, and the painful sting made her forget the warmth of the sidewalk and made her feel blacker and blacker inside. She was going to get it settled this time. She was going to find out why girls always got the worst of everything, why girls had to do all the work, why girls couldn't have any fun. Everybody knew girls were smarter than boys, at least those in the second grade. And Nancy Brown down the street had told her that most boys never got over being dopey. Nancy ought to know. After all she would be in the seventh grade next year. Then how come the boys still got all the luck? Why didn't all the smart girls get together and think up some way to get the fun away from the dumb boys? Like maybe flattening them all, just like that popcorn box back there.

She thought that was the best idea. Boy, she sure could flatten a few of them easy enough. Like that whole dumb baseball team!

Trisha turned and marched up the wide, smooth front walk. Eleven giant steps, exactly. She wasn't counting now, but she knew it by heart. And almost twenty steps when mother said, "Trisha, walk like a lady." No, boys could be comfortable if they wanted. That did it! She was really burning now.

Trisha yanked open the screen door and stepped into the cool of the house, jumping guiltily as the spring snapped the door shut behind her. She heard Mother's soft voice calling her from the little room on the right. Mother would listen to her. She would understand. After all, she was a girl too, kind of. Anyway, she used to be one, once.

Quickly and quietly, she went into the room, her head filled with all the things she just had to say. Mother was looking down at the new baby in her lap, sleepily waving its tiny arms. Trisha leaned against the comforting shoulder, but before she could get started, Mother was pushing her hair out of her eyes and

asking her for about the millionth time, why she didn't wear a hair barrette.

Trisha had only explained about a million times before that all her barrettes had sick-looking flowers or something on them and they just didn't look right with her tee-shirt and baseball cap. She didn't have time to explain again, she had something more important to talk about, something almost as important as what she wanted for Christmas or her birthday.

Patiently, she began again, but now Mother was asking her a question. Would Trisha like to hold the baby? Not really. The baby was really kind of dull. It didn't do anything at all. But she didn't tell Mother that. Girls always liked to hold babies. Grownups got mad if they didn't. And she didn't want Mother to get mad. She wanted to get this problem about being a girl settled. But it looked like she would never get it fixed up, the way things were going.

Stretching out her arms, Trisha took the small bundle. Holding the baby meant not talking unless she wanted to talk baby talk to the baby. And baby talk wouldn't get Trisha

anywhere. Oh well, it would only be for a few minutes. It always was. She guessed she could wait.

Trisha looked down at the pink form in her arms. The baby was still, and with all its clothing and blankets, holding it was no different from holding her wadded-up blankets when she carried them down to the washing-machine. But that was another thing never told to grownups. It would only cause trouble.

Absently, she poked her finger at the tiny hand and then almost jumped in surprise. The baby had grabbed her finger and was holding on tight! It sure had never done anything like that before! And Trisha sure didn't know that babies had that much strength. Or maybe it was just her baby. She thought about that for a moment. Maybe her baby was something special. And boys hardly ever got to hold babies.

The little fist was warm and soft and suddenly Trisha began to feel warm and soft. It was just like sitting in the sun on Mrs. Anderson's wall, except the sun was inside her now. Trisha felt good, and when Trisha felt good she always forgot to be mad.

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CAROL

OF

THE ROPE

Red painted handles  
turning the string  
whizzing and slapping  
hear the rope sing

Rope be the measure  
rope sing the lie  
count to ten thousand  
and you'll never die.

Slap on the sidewalk  
snag in the grass  
here comes a blind man  
don't let him pass

Catch in the pony-tail  
tangle the curl  
rope-burn the ankles  
rope-trip the girl

Rope sing the summer  
sing the sun's heat  
sing of the death-rhythm  
pounding her feet

Jump into moonlight  
night is a hole  
count to ten thousand  
or you'll lose your soul

Ninety three hundred  
jump 'til you drop  
here comes your mother  
she'll make you stop

KAREN ANGELA COX, '65



(Cont'd. from page 17)  
couldn't have got very far. I'll get him before noon."

"But the kids . . . they'll be startin' for school in an hour. I think . . ."

"Who gives a damn what you think!" thundered Hearst. "Keep your mouth shut, hear? Besides," he lowered his voice, "maybe the cat's gentle like, easy to shoot. Lion's head might look good in the trophy case. Let's go."

Hearst gave directions to the officer and the ambulance attendants. Then he and Carl worked their way back up the hill, entered one of the patrol cars, and began the four and a half mile drive back to Attica.

The sunlight broke through the curtain of clouds that had hidden it for so long; and a shaft of light penetrated the heavy wooded area, lighting the small clearing where Sultan lay. Exhausted by his wild ride down the side of the gulley, and now beyond the scents of man and the wreckage, he had found this place. Sultan had settled down on the pine-scented earth to rest. The small cut inflicted in the accident had stopped hurting and was no longer bleeding. Sultan sat up

and looked around him. Birds chirped above him, protesting against the cold weather. There was still a trace of dampness in the air, and the breeze was wet and cold. Sultan shivered a little at the smell of it, and he trembled at the sound of the birds and his new feeling of freedom. Here there were no bars, no whips, no canvas, no man . . . only the green and brown forest, putting on its new fall colors here and there. And then there was . . . hunger. Sultan would have to hunt his own breakfast.

He trotted across the clearing and into the grove of trees on the other side. A rabbit ran across his path. It startled him, but he did not pursue it. It had been a long time since he had shifted for himself. He glided through the grove, his paws breaking no twig, making no sound. On the other side of the grove he came to a meadow of clover and tall grass. Not too far away, a few sheep were grazing. Sultan watched silently, as an old ewe and her lamb grazed nearer to the edge of the group. He was downwind of the flock, and the breeze brought to his nostrils a long-forgotten scent. Sultan's nostrils flared with the strong

sheep scent, and his body grew tense. He felt warm all over, and he growled deep in his throat at the awakening of a feeling within him which had long lain dormant. Skirting the meadow, he made his way toward the flock, always keeping the sheep on the windward side. When he was within two or three yards, he crouched in the grass, waiting for his instinct to tell him what to do next. Suddenly, the breeze changed direction. The sheep stopped their grazing and were soon off in a gallop. Sultan made an attempt to strike at the back of the fleeing herd, but it was too late. His shoulder hurt, he was tired. The herd scattered. Sultan lay for a minute in the middle of the field. Finally, he picked himself up and crossed the meadow, moving slowly and carefully, his head down. At the edge of the meadow he pushed through some high, thick brush at the edge of the road. There was nothing to be seen but fields and an occasional barn. Then he rounded the bend.

Sultan stood quietly and watched three children, standing at the junction of the gravel road and the asphalt highway. Their backs were to-

ward him, and they were swinging lunch boxes in their mittened hands. They were laughing and Sultan could hear their small voices and see their breath on the morning air. Suddenly, the smallest child, a boy of about five, dropped a book. He turned to pick it up and spied Sultan. The boy stared at Sultan with intense curiosity.

"Hey, Jeanie," he said, "looky at the big doggie."

The oldest of the three, a girl of about ten, turned around just in time to see her brother walk up to Sultan, hand outstretched. "Jamie, don't!" Her cry was shrill. She grabbed the other small child tightly by the wrist, and he began to cry. "Shut up, Robbie. Jamie, come back here!"

"Aw, he won't hurt me," said Jamie, walking closer to Sultan. "He's nice, aren't you?" he said. He reached out and scratched Sultan behind the ears. "Look, Jeanie, he won't hurt. See?"

At the familiar touch and the tingle behind his ears, Sultan lay down in the road and put his chin on his paws. Perhaps this small man would give him something to eat. He was tired, cold, hungry, and sore.

He began to purr loudly.

"Look," cried Robbie, "He's laying down."

"Jamie, let 'im alone now. The bus will be here in a minute," said Jean, her voice shaking. "That's not a doggie, Jamie. Let him alone."

Just then, the bus roared down the gravel road. The sound and smell of the bus were all too familiar to Sultan. He got to his feet, switched his tail, lifted his head, and listened. Then, turning his back on the three astonished children, he sprang across the road and disappeared into the brush.

The bus stopped at the side of the road to let the children climb aboard. "We just saw a lion!" cried Jean, her eyes bright with awe and fear.

"A what?" asked the bus driver.

"A real live lion," said Jean. "Jamie petted him; you'd better call the police," she concluded breathlessly.

"You kids and your stories. Sit down back there and be quiet, or you'll never get to school."

"But there was a lion, there was!" cried Robbie.

"Well, I never seen one in these parts yet. Sit down and

behave yourselves. You know what your principal said about actin' up on the bus. One more word and you'll walk!"

Sultan lay in the brush at the side of the road and watched the big orange bus disappear over the asphalt hill.

The sheriff's phone rang, just as Hearst reached his office. Grumbling, he picked up the receiver. "Yeh? What is it?"

"This is Mike Dempsey, Sheriff. I own the Dempsey Brothers Carnival."

"So what?"

"My brother was hauling two of our show cats over from San Angelo last night. He was supposed to be here at 6:30 this morning to put up the show. I was wondering..."

"Cats? Oh yeh. There was an accident about four miles down the road from town. Trooper's plane spotted it. He had a head-on with a semi. Your brother's dead, Dempsey. It'll save us a lot of trouble if you'll get over here and identify the body." The sheriff reached for a doughnut from a brown paper bag on his desk.

There was silence at the other end of the line.

"You still there, Dempsey?"

"Yes . . . yes, I'm here. Did

you say Bart was . . . dead?"

"Look, just get on down here and you'll be filled in on what happened. One of the cats escaped and we're going after it."

"All right," said Mike. "See you in a few minutes."

Hearst put down the telephone and took down a heavy powered rifle from its bracket on the wall. His thick, rough hands ran gently over the fine wood of the butt, feeling the smooth coldness of the steel barrel. His eyes gleamed with a strange wildness, and he began to sweat again. He got a box of shells and some rags from a cabinet in the corner of the office and began to polish the rifle . . . gently, a husband caressing his new bride. There was a knock on the door. Hearst was annoyed by the interruption.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"We're ready, Sheriff."

"You'll wait. The owner of the animal is on his way down here. All cleaned up at the scene?"

"Both bodies in the morgue and wrecks being hauled in."

"Good." Hearst went on cleaning the weapon.

This was Hearst's favorite

rifle. Many a wild-eyed stag had been arrested in flight by a bullet from its flaming mouth. Around the walls of the office were the heads of three kinds of North American deer, a moose, a large black bear, and an enormous wolf. On top of the show case which held three large rifles, a German luger, and an old Colt revolver, was a row of stuffed birds. Their eyes stared black and shiny in the light of the office. Hearst hated venison or wild game of any kind to eat. Most of the bodies of the deer he killed were taken home by his hunting companions or left to rot. He particularly enjoyed hunting dangerous game; and he was particularly proud of the bear's head, whose owner he had tracked many miles into the north Canadian woods. He was well known for his talent in tracking, both animal and man. If there was something that wanted bringing down, Hearst could do it . . . and would do it. No man in Hearst's custody ever tried to escape unless it was sure and certain that he'd get clean away. Hearst never brought anything back alive if he could help it. He had always secretly envied the men of higher sta-

tion and wealth that traveled to Africa on hunting expeditions. Right now he was thinking of how a lion's head and pelt would look on the wall behind his desk. People would come from all around to see it . . . and the man who shot it. A smile twisted his thick lips. He'd show them . . .

"Sheriff Hearst?" Mike Dempsey stood in the doorway.

"Yeah?"

"I'm Mike Dempsey."

"Oh . . . Did you see . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"Hell of a shame, Dempsey. We're goin' after your little pet." Hearst patted the rifle.

"Thank God it was the male that got away."

"What do you mean?" said Hearst warily.

"Well, Sultan is just a pet, really, a great big kitty cat. He's so old and he's been in captivity so long I guess he's forgotten he's a lion. Don't worry, Sheriff. My men will get him. All we have to do is find him and lead him home. Now Sheba, she's younger and wild. Be a bad case if she was out."

Hearst's face was red. "Don't try to tell me my job, Dempsey. That's a savage beast out there . . . a savage

beast! I've got people to protect. You keep your boys out of this, and you let me do my job, hear?"

He strode out of the office and slammed the door.

Mike stood there for a minute, astonished at the sudden anger of the other man. Then he looked at all the trophies around the office and understood.

Sultan made his way through a wheat field, away from the road. Suddenly, he sensed a new smell in the air . . . a strong, bird scent. Sultan growled. He had killed a couple of field mice, but he was still hungry. He made his way toward the strong scent. He walked through some brush at the edge of the field and came out on a dirt path, leading to a small chicken farm. There were a few crudely constructed hen houses, and a few pullets were scratching in the dirt. Sultan padded his way toward the chickens. Then he smelled man. He went off the path and crouched in the grass.

A rather elderly woman emerged from the barn and walked toward the chicken yard, carrying a bag of grain and a broom. She put the broom down by the fence and

began to scatter the grain. The chickens swirled around her like huge, feathery snow flakes, coming from all directions to be fed. Sultan trembled at the sight and scent of them. The woman finished and turned to go, after scattering the last of the grain.

Sultan had crawled steadily forward until he was within a few yards of the chickens. Before he had time to strike, the birds set up a racket and disappeared into the hen-houses. Sultan let out a roar as something hit him from behind. There was the woman, brandishing her broom.

"You get out of here," she shrieked. "Go on, git!"

Sultan mounted one of the hen-houses to get out of the way of the broom. At the sight of the handle of the broom, a strange feeling came over him. So that was it! That was why she was here! She wanted him to perform! Standing on his hind legs, Sultan pawed playfully at the stick. He did two or three turns one way and then another. The woman kept prodding him with the broom handle, and he was trying to please. He didn't see the three men running across the wheat field toward them. He wanted to do his act so that this

woman would feed him. He did a leap and turn, and then he was up on his hind legs again.

Hearst had Sultan's chest in his sights. It took one shot.

The searing flame shot through Sultan's body, and he let out one last terrified roar. He dropped off the roof of the chicken house and lay dead in the filth of the chicken yard.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Miles?" Carl asked the woman.

"Yes . . . I'm sure glad you came along, Sheriff. He'd have got me for sure."

"He's a mean one, all right," replied Hearst. "His keeper told me we'd have a real case on our hands."

"You got him with one shot, Jim."

"Well, if he hadn't a been rared up to attack Mrs. Miles, we would've had a harder time."

"He sure looks mean," said Carl, looking at Sultan's body . . . "Real mean."

"Yeah," said Hearst. "He's a killer, all right. Let's go."

The sheriff, the woman, and the two other men walked toward the house.

"Gosh, Sheriff," muttered Carl, "why didn't you let us have a shot at him?"



